

The Critic

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Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman and—Genius.

ORIGINALITY has come to hold so high a place among the things men worship that the other images in the Pantheon are not always safe. If the thrust be skilful and confident enough, even a cherished divinity may go down, and the murmur of the few be drowned in the shouts of the many, applauding the audacious overthrow. Yet often, most easily, when prejudice is not excited too much, and the vacant pedestal does not mean cheaper oblations—less rice for the gods and more for the household,—or some other selfish gain, the case is not thus finally decided; the devotee of the prostrated one may yet become his champion, and find the reward of an equal skill and courage in a success more enduring than that of the iconoclast.

This has an application to even so gentle and genial a controversy as that in which *The New Princeton* opens its pages to a reinstatement of Genius. The destructive work had been done by Mr. Howells, than whom there surely was never image-breaker more graceful and courteous. He veiled his sacrilegious temper under persuasiveness of tone, delicately clipped 'genius' out of the wise man's dictionary by quotation marks, and expostulated with a too-fanciful world for any reluctance it might feel in accepting instead the conception of natural aptitude, developed by infinite pains, with mastery as the product. He offered us gray spectacles, through which genius looked like an unusual quantity of a common quality—aptitudes are at least as common as industry,—and when the peculiar and significant gleam was thus obscured, the divinity was deposed already, for men no longer revere what has ceased to be resplendent. Mr. Stedman, in *The New Princeton*, comes forward to rehabilitate and restore. He has the advantage of a powerful ally in that habitual loyalty which is more deeply seated than admiration for a clever attack, and he takes his opportunity not only with the sympathy of clear conviction, but also with a deftness of handling whose familiar charm is in simplicity of purpose; a technical skill that hides itself; unassuming dignity; and a repose that is neither timid nor indolent, but firm and serene.

His argument is threefold,—traditional, historical, psychological. Authority may not be decisive, but that the leaders of thought have always believed in the distinctive quality of genius is a presumption in its favor. Psychology gives him the result of mental analysis, and sets the operations of genius in a category apart. History points to gifts so exceptional, to 'aptitudes' so unique that no title can do them justice which does not separate them from the common run of abilities, and give them quality, effective and imperative, which is all their own. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Stedman has done good service as champion. The divinity is enthroned again,—or is it only that the gray spectacles have been quietly snapped?

And indeed the denial of genius is something like the materialistic theory of the origin of things. The primal cause may be matter, if you will let us so define matter as

to equip it with the attributes of mind and moral character. Genius may be 'natural aptitude,' if we may so limit and specialize a certain intense 'natural aptitude' as to differentiate it from all others. It still remains true, that as long as language has it for its function to represent thought, only by a confusion of terms can we call God material, or make genius a mere sublimated knack with the fingers,—a superlative trick at rhyming,—a more refined housepainting, with that taste for its coarser foundation which harmonizes the colors of a wall and its trimmings. Quite as strongly as Mr. Stedman has done, we should emphasize that energy of spontaneous movement which characterizes the few gifted ones. 'Natural aptitude' is the ability to acquire; genius is already in possession. Labor may enrich it, making its heritage larger and its control more absolute; as Mozart says, 'No one has taken such pains with the art of composition as I,'—as Mendelssohn practised scales for years,—as Michael Angelo toiled over muscles and bones; but labor does not create its wealth,—is nothing more than its minister, removes the hindrances, perfects the instruments, exhausts itself in providing ways by which the divine gift may make its quick contact with men, command a response even from stony hearts, and so, through the spark it kindles in other bosoms, carry out the high purposes for whose sake it was itself constituted so fine-grained and impenetrable. 'Natural aptitude' and 'hardest study' yield a kind of 'mastery,'—it is that kind which most of us whose lives are not useless must content ourselves with, and indeed think ourselves fortunate if we attain in any fair degree,—it is the power to do with some measure of success what it is worth the world's while to have done. But genius is not merely, nor first, the power to do. It is a capacity, before it becomes an activity. It sees the invisible, before it paints; it hears secrets never uttered, before it speaks. It lays hold of truth by a sense of its own, before it announces truth, or expounds it. Mr. Stedman does well, therefore, to make so much of the ideal element of genius—that imaginative power which, in the highest forms of it, sometimes appears to be its final essence, which, when backed by the passionate fervor begotten of the intuitions that fructify the depths of the soul, becomes an illuminating and consuming flame. Perhaps it is this intense persistency which most of all affords an obvious test of genius. For though the passive, receptive, intuitive aspect of it is primary, it is on another side far more energetic, more intent on manifestation, than 'natural aptitude' of any sort. 'Natural aptitude' you may spur and lash, but genius is its own incentive. It must act. Was it Ruskin who said, 'Do not write poetry if you can by any means help it?' The true divine energy cannot help it.

We need not deny that the name of genius is applied to many things and many persons with too little judgment. Restriction in its use would no doubt be wise. And even where it of right belongs, there are such varying degrees of gift that there is need of discrimination and care. It is in the lower grades that the theory of 'natural aptitude' seems most plausible, just as some low forms of animal life are almost vegetable. The mere acquisitive power may be enormously developed. Between Mezzofanti and the bright boy whose 'talent for language' makes him leader of his college class, the difference in kind may easily seem less than that between Raphael and our modern photographers in oil. But the average common sense still knows vegetables from animals, and genius still commands the world's suffrages. But we cannot tell ourselves too often that it dwells in no physical endowment, in no 'phenomenon,' though in these it may come to light and gain its glory. A marvellous voice may be its mouthpiece; but genius is not a rare conformation of larynx, or generous power of diaphragm. These may be without it. When it is present, it is behind and beneath them all,—their soul and life.

Whether we should receive without demur the description which Mr. Stedman cites from the philosophers, that genius

is 'the activity and efflux of the Intellect freed from the domination of the Conscious Will,' might be debated,—and whether the parallel with dreams which this suggests, and which the stumbling attempts of human words to define the indefinable have more than once resorted to, is really sound. In this respect at least it is not, that genius in free play is coherent, logical and sane; its breaks and leaps are not meaningless, its creations not jumbled fragments of unrelated experiences. Subject to the will it is not, but it is rational, though it guides reason fearlessly amid high and unknown spheres.

But Mr. Stedman's work does not need our revamping. He has assured us anew that the diamond is a diamond; we need hardly fear lest some one should now prove it to be a common rock-crystal. Meantime, from the practical side of life, Mr. Howells's advice may demand a large place in our thought. Is not even his iconoclasm the outgrowth of a profound conviction that there is no genius so splendid that it does not need to be put to school? Patience and toil, that may do wonders with common talents, win the triumphs of the ages when the rare gift is beautified by them, and fitted more exquisitely for its heaven-assigned part. Let us respect even the imaginings of clever faculty, thinking itself genius, but insist that it shall wait, submit to discipline, be humble enough to learn painful lessons. Even if it prove, as probably it will, to be no marvellous exception, but one of a thousand, the ambition that has educated it has made it ready for some good service. Granite will take a polish; it is a useful stone, and pleasing to look upon, though common and prosaic. And let no one fear that, if the soul be really inspired, the technicalities of knowledge will degrade it. The diamond will never be polished into a granite-crumble. Each new facet opens a new window into the translucent depths, each is a new aperture, giving forth the secret and mysterious lustre, brilliant, perennial.

Reviews

Art in Education.*

WHEN a lecturer announces as his subject 'the place of Art in Education,' you may be tolerably sure that he is going to give art a very high place in education. This is as it should be. But when we find Mr. Davidson defining the ultimate end of life as 'to enjoy and create beauty,' asserting that 'we do all other things only for the sake at last of doing this;' when he says that 'beauty is what gives to things all the worth and meaning they have,' and that therefore in the earlier stages of education nearly all the time ought to be given to it, but that a gradual shortening may take place until, in the university, it should occupy only about a third of the time, even the most devoted disciple will pause a moment to recover breath. It is true that Mr. Davidson covers the anticipated objections by explaining in a figurative parenthesis that of course he means morality, as well as what is popularly meant by art, to be a thing of beauty; but this does not help his statement. For if Art and Beauty are meant to cover all mental, moral, and outward excellence of all kinds whatsoever, to assert that they deserve a high place in education is a truism unworthy of being treated with the dignity of discussion. Mr. Davidson may regret that the word Beauty has degenerated into meaning what is merely lovely to the outward eye; just as he may regret that epicure means now one who likes good things to eat, whereas it originally meant one who liked good things but had the sense to understand that the simplest were the best. But notwithstanding the fact that beauty ought to include moral beauty, it is evident that Mr. Davidson's readers will interpret his Art and his Beauty to mean what the general public means by art and beauty. As such, the place Mr. Davidson arrogates for the cultivation

of the beautiful will be somewhat too high a one in the estimation of many. Why the beautiful is not always the good, is a problem to puzzle the clearest wits; but that it isn't, the very least experience of life will suffice to prove. That a man is surrounded always by the beautiful, that he cares only for what is beautiful, and that he honestly knows what is truly, classically beautiful, is no more a test of what the man is as a man than the fact that a room is warm means necessarily that it is comfortable. Nay, the dangers of inculcating a profound worship of the beautiful are tenfold those of ignoring the rights of the beautiful; as shown in Vernon Lee's novel of 'Miss Brown,' which the general public persists in misunderstanding, but which is really a protest against the moral dangers of æstheticism. Mr. Davidson cannot go farther than we do in deploring the old standard of loveless duty performed to ward off the anger of a God who possessed the power to make one physically uncomfortable if the duty were not performed; but if we were to choose between even this loveless Duty and the love-lit, tempting, beautiful Beauty of Mr. Davidson as a watch-word for the growing child, we would cling to the old Duty.

That Mr. Davidson, in spite of an honest desire to be moral, really means himself an outward Beauty, is shown by all his directions for the surroundings and education of the young child. He says it should be the 'special aim' of all parents to surround their children with beautiful 'things,' and he acknowledges that the extent to which this can be done will be of course in some measure a matter of wealth; but anything so important to life as Beauty, according to Mr. Davidson's definition, ought not to be at the mercy of wealth at all. Mr. Davidson states that the schoolroom should be fitted up so that the child will always enter it 'with reverence and awe.' We cannot help feeling that it would be an advantage to Mr. Davidson's practical ideas of the management of children, if he could be shut up in the house for a few rainy days with one or two healthy boys with very little reverence for anything and none at all for Mr. Davidson. We feel an unholy joy when a little four-year-old, quoted by himself as an instance of youthful vandalism, replies to Mr. Davidson's stern reminder that he is spoiling a grass-plot, that he 'doesn't care if he is.' Mr. Davidson, in his extreme desire to let a child hear only the 'noblest rhythm,' objects to 'Mother Goose;' it is amusing that a writer in *The Atlantic* on 'Principles of Criticism' had recently stated deliberately that 'a college class for studying verse with a thoroughly scientific analysis, could not do better than to provide themselves with copies of this immortal bard ["Mother Goose"] for class-room use,' precisely because 'the lines of Mother Goose have been preserved purely on account' of their 'perfection of musical form.' Mr. Davidson is wise in saying that the deliberate study of the beautiful is a good thing for children; but he is wrong in giving it the first and highest place.

Sermons by Dr. Bellows.*

FOR more than forty years the author of these sermons was one of the prominent men of New York. He was so by virtue of a generous mind and large heart, a manly faith, and a position which enabled him to bring his personality to bear directly upon a considerable number of his fellow-citizens, and indirectly upon many more. He was ready in practical manifestations of Christianity, and loyal to the deep principles which, as he felt sure, can alone make Christianity a real blessing to the world. Opportunities for personal culture were in his case matched by a facility in taking advantage of them, and there resulted a character and presence benignant, cheering, helpful, refining, not unconscious of itself, nor apt to depreciate its own happy balance of temper, its own vantage-ground of attainment

* The Place of Art in Education. By Thomas Davidson, M.A. 24 cts. Boston: Ginn & Co.

* Twenty-four Sermons preached in All Souls' Church, New York, 1865-81. By Henry W. Bellows, D.D., Minister of the First Congregational Church, 1839-82. Selected and edited by his son, Russell N. Bellows. New York: Published by the Editor.

and influence, without morbidity, and with perhaps an instinctive turning to what was bright and hopeful—the sanguine temper, fortified by the trustful habit, appealing to men on the side of aspiration and incipient virtue.

These characteristics appear distinctly in the sermons. We do not find precise exposition of the texts, nor acute analysis of character, nor profound treatment of dogmas, so much as a large enunciation and enforcement of elemental spiritual truths. The broad ground upon which all Christians stand underlies them. The sermon on 'The Common Faith' indicates a prevailing spirit, and might well have stood at the beginning, as the keynote of the whole. There are, as was natural, some discourses more purely denominational, and the author never concealed his beliefs; but if, as we presume, the relative number of these in the collection published represents fairly his habit, the narrower field was much less often the ground his thought moved over than the wider. He endeavored to be just to those from whom he differed, and no denunciatory or flippant words are here set down against doctrines he rejected, much less against persons who held them. If, like our Unitarian ministers generally, he did not wholly understand them, it was partly from temperament (the darker phases of experience it was perhaps not easy for him to appreciate), partly from mental training and habit. But his words breathe a fraternity of principle and purpose not severed by dividing creeds. In other respects the sermons are not of the ordinary; they are marked by fertility of thought and illustration and by the readiness and flexibility of the practised orator; but the two elements which mark them above others are those of sincere mental hospitality and unswerving faithfulness to high spiritual conceptions of God and men and things.

Two Books in the Biogen Series.*

'KUTHUMI' (1) and 'Can Matter Think?' (2) are the last two contributions to the Biogen Series—a series of essays edited by Prof. Elliott Coues, and dedicated to the discussion and demonstration of the existence of spirit and the certainty of a future life. Prof. Coues may be serious in his Theosophical convictions and utterances, but there is something so shabby in the way in which he performs the office, that when one turns from the clear, incisive and authoritative style, which distinguishes his contributions to zoology, and reads the 'Fore word' to 'Kuthumi' (which corresponds to his Preface to 'Can Matter Think?'), he can hardly fail to recall the picture of the two augurs behind the scenes, laughing at those who believe in their inspiration or their sincerity. And yet we are far from accusing Dr. Coues of insincerity in his belief in Theosophy; we only regret that he has thought fit to adopt the *ex cathedra* manner, and the darkness which does not make things visible, and the mysteriousness of the 'I could an' I would' of priest-craft. Perhaps, however, in the interregnum between great scientific work already accomplished and even greater to be undertaken at some future day, he is simply galloping through the spirit-land on his hobby, as guide to the Society for Psychic Research. Let us then see what that man has to say on Theosophy, whom no other than Agassiz declared to be at the head of his specialty among American scientists.

After struggling through a great deal of 'theeing' and 'thouing,' one finds clusters of moral, spiritual and philosophical jewels whose beauty is marred by their setting. 'The maxims of morality, the examples of virtue, the models of piety, the ethics and æconomy of life,—are not these good to be known, and behold! are they not here, that thou mayest know them? And what else is Theosophy?' A Socratic question can only be answered by a Socratic question: If this be Theosophy, and you do not

darken its light by mysticism and mystery, are you not walking with your faces towards the goal of all pure religions? In fact, 'Kuthumi' bears a close resemblance, in doctrine and form of expressions, to the philosophical as well as the evangelical books of the Bible. Under the title of 'The Economy of Human Life,' it was published in London, in 1770. The present edition shows by contrast pronounced superiority of appreciative spirit and editorial ability. Indeed, any one familiar with Dr. Coues's works, who has read the article on the cat-bird in his 'Birds of the Colorado Valley,' one of the most graceful of contemporaneous pieces of prose-composition, and his lines on the song of the dying swan, in his 'Key to North American Birds,' will understand the propriety of applying Dr. Johnson's Latin compliment on Goldsmith, to one who writes with equal grace about the tail of a cat-bird and the possibilities of spiritual development.

'Can Matter Think?' is a contribution to the forces of anti-materialism which have recently been enlisted in skirmish prefatory to the war which is bound to be waged against the *Cogito-ergo-(non)-sum* classes. The timidity shown by the author, who conceals his name, is a hint to the scorers. We do not treat infidel, agnostic, or materialist with the same repressiveness that we do spiritualist and theosophist. Why is it? Because it is the very essence of bigotry to rather see one—or many—believe in no God at all, than believe in some other God than ours. It is for this reason that the author of an ingenious essay against materialism declines to confess his convictions by adding his name to his conclusions. For our part we think that the recent activity on the part of certain scientists against agnosticism and materialism should be hailed as a new movement full of great moral possibilities. Because they do not immediately throw themselves into the bosom of an infallible Church, or rush into the extended arms of rival sects based on one faith and the individuality, the personality, of man and man's soul,—because they do not confess to a priest or give in their experience at love-feasts, why should they be meat for the scorner? In this little volume as in 'Kuthumi' the commentator, or rather editor, has brought distinguished ability in explanation and illustration. Both publications must interest those who are watching this new movement, which seems to be a desertion of modern spiritualism, a searching after a foothold for faith with a strong predisposition for Eastern thought and Eastern creed, where it is taught that occultism and mysticism may be made as clear as daylight to him 'who is fitted to receive,' and that man may become a partaker in the wisdom of the All-Wise.

Wilkie Collins's "Evil Genius."**

IN these days of many, and many pleasing, books, a book that enthalls the attention is almost as rare as in the days when the publication of any book was an event. Wilkie Collins's 'Evil Genius' is one of these absorbing stories, and it is all the more remarkable and enjoyable for not thrilling by the methods usually employed by its author. Wilkie Collins has been essentially one of the writers whom we regard as born to amuse us; and even his greatest admirers will be surprised at what they find to admire in this latest work—a depth, a tenderness, a wise and gracious insight, which has not relied on anything meretricious or startling in effect for the interest it inspires, and which has created a really noble, as well as entertaining, novel. The story is on the hackneyed subject of an unhappy marriage; but there is nothing hackneyed in the treatment, though the events are all moral events in the development of character, utterly independent of striking incident. The precision of style, the concentration on the subject in hand which never lets the author wander off into tiresome by-paths, the quickness of the movement, the exceeding ingenuity of telling

* 1. Kuthumi. The True and Complete Economy of Human Life. Based on the System of Theosophical Ethics. Biogen Series, No. 5. 2. Can Matter Think? A Problem in Psychics. By F. T. S. Biogen Series, No. 4.

** The Evil Genius. By Wilkie Collins. 25 cts. New York: Harper's Handy Series.

situations constantly varied but never in the least improbable, the deep pathos, the delicious absurdities of the Evil Genius, who, by the way, is a mother-in-law, and the underlying, never conspicuous but always interfused, moral, lift this tale to a height never reached by what is merely entertaining, though it is at the same time entertaining enough to keep one up quite as late as 'The Woman in White.' The child in the book is as ingenious a creation as the mother-in-law; but what after all gives the finest sense of enjoyment to the reader, is the unobtrusive testimony of the book to the value of right living. The author does not reward the virtuous and punish the guilty; virtuous and guilty suffer and enjoy, and especially suffer; but in showing, not the punishment, but the ineffable weariness of ignobly gratified passion, he deals a powerful blow in behalf of morality. Not the rewards, but the joy, of virtue; not the punishment, but the inherent lack of satisfaction, in vice: this is a plea ennobling human nature as possessing the attributes of God in hating vice, as well as fearing its consequences.

Minor Notices.

'PARADISE FOUND' might well be the title of Mr. Edwards Roberts's little book on 'Santa Barbara and Around There' (Roberts Brothers). For though Nature might have bestowed her favors more lavishly upon some other spot, doubtless she never has. A climate which is the admiration of even Californians, and to a visitor seems perfection—a topography combining all the picturesque beauties of Swiss mountains, Scottish valleys, and Italian seas—a fertility productive of the choicest fruits and flowers,—all these combine to make this a region without a counterpart in America, and rivalled by but two or three localities in Europe. Mr. Roberts writes pleasantly and enthusiastically of Santa Barbara, sketches its history and its attractions, takes us to the Old Mission, and grows pathetic over its decay, drives us by a hard, shining roadway along the shore to Rincon, twenty miles away, visits the Montecito gardens with their rare collections of foreign and native trees and plants, explores Spanishtown and the ranches beyond, climbs the Santa Ynez mountains, rambles through the Ojai valley, where flowers bloom in such profusion that seventy varieties are counted without effort to discover all, loiters in dreamy, poetical mood adown the Santa Clara valley, where the season is one perpetual June, and finally delights us with a charming account of a visit to the home of 'Ramona.' He has contrived to pack a large amount of entertainment and information into his small volume, which, while not professedly a guide-book, will admirably serve for one.

ONE of the most recent of the Johns Hopkins University Studies is a 'History of the Land Question in the United States,' by Shosuke Sato, Ph.D., special commissioner of the Colonial Department of Japan. It treats first of the origin and growth of the public domain, from 1781, when Virginia ceded her Western lands to the young Confederation, down to the purchase of Alaska in 1867. Between those two dates, by cession, purchase and conquest, over 1,852,000,000 acres were acquired, at a cost of more than \$88,000,000. The author next examines the administration of this vast territory, devoting much space to the famous Ordinance of 1787, which organized the Northwest Territory, and thus disposed of a large portion of the domain. The General Land Office was instituted in 1812, and has, since that time, been the Government machinery for the sale of the public lands. About 640,000,000 acres remain unsold. In the third section of his monograph the author discusses the land system in its various phases and changes, including the Pre-emption and Homestead Acts, though he touches but briefly upon educational and railroad grants. Deploping the corruption and wastefulness of the past, he holds that the future policy of the public-land administration

should be 'Reform and Recovery—reform of legal abuses, and recovery of the public lands from railroad corporations.'

EVEN in these days of much pleasant writing and a good deal of fine writing, it is rare to come across anything possessing so true a literary flavor as Eleanor Putnam's papers on 'Old Salem,' originally written for *The Atlantic* and now republished in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The pleasure that is afforded by the grace and simplicity of these etchings lingers like fragrance in the memory long after the sketches are first read; and it is a pleasure never exhausted, however often you may take the book down again from the shelf where you have put it beside 'Cranford' and Miss Mitford and Charles Lamb. The perfect serenity of the humor is what charms. It is not a description of what is laughable, nor a laughable description of what is plain; but it is a book in which there is no laughter, though many smiles; and our regret that the writer has gone from us is a sentiment that seems not out of place among the smiles with which one reads it. Never was art less conspicuous, yet never has simplicity better rivalled art, in the grace with which, touching quaintly on what is so odd as to be almost ridiculous, the author has yet left you with more reverence than ridicule for what was queerly pathetic in a by-gone age. One says instinctively 'by-gone,' so far away seems the atmosphere of this quaint 'old Salem'; yet it is in reality the Salem of only twenty years ago, and the experiences are actually those of Eleanor Putnam's own girlhood. The material is of the simplest: the old dame-schools, the queer penny-shops, the quaint cup-boards, the unique characters, the fallen fortunes of dear old gentlewomen; but the work into which they are woven is like a piece of *cloisonné*, with copper wire turned into shining threads of gold, with nothing left in striking or awkward relief, but everything softened to a most delicate finish, and made beautiful in coloring that does not fade.

THIS is confessedly the age of respect for children, and it is a question whether the children themselves will not resent the little book called 'Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses,' by Horace Grant (Lee & Shepard). True, it is said to be intended only for the very youngest, who have not yet learned to read and write; and it is mentioned incidentally that it is supposed to contribute to their amusement as well as instruction. But the most valuable instruction that children of that age can be given is in the ability to amuse themselves, while the information they are supposed to acquire by this process seems certainly a most laborious acquisition of nothing. Only children who showed lamentable signs of idiocy would need training in such questions as the following, which we quote at random from the book:—'Is a chair good to eat? Can you smell this cup? How many noses have you? Which is the top of the coffee-pot? Do you like sugar? Can you drink glass? Is your head below or above your neck? Tell me of some things that could not go into that pail. Can a fly talk like you? Do you ever see people walking about with shoes on their hands? Did you ever hear the sun make any noise? Will paper tear easily? Let the pupil taste very small portions of the following things, without seeing them, and tell what they are; viz.:—cheese, bread, milk, water.' A few good hints may be found, such as patterns for cutting out paper articles, and the suggestion of training in 'rapid vision'; but the book is a mistake. To say that it is not what children learn, but the habit of observation they acquire which is of importance, is to plan a system of education like that of the mother who cut holes in their dresses for her children to learn to darn, and of the father who invited his children out to drive and then told them they couldn't go, in order to teach them the habit of self-control. No child needs to know where the top of a coffee-pot is till it knows without being told.

Magazine Notes

'TAKEN BY SIEGE' is concluded in *Lippincott's*. It must be confessed that it has not amounted to much. Neither is the Norris serial quite such a success as might have been expected, being spun out with scarcely a change in the situation from month to month. The gem of this number is an exquisitely told short story by J. S. of Dale. It is called 'Our Consul at Carlsruhe,' and its artistic severity, in which even the humor is calm, though pointed, makes it a pleasant relief to the average story-telling of the day. It has the saving grace of style. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who is a firm believer, writes of the Keely Motor; but it is not easy to see why she should have written, as she cannot explain, and only gives utterance to her unbounded faith. Brander Matthews gives some entertaining 'Random Recollections,' and John Baumann contributes his personal 'Experiences of a Cowboy.' A 'Lady from Philadelphia' argues cleverly that woman was created the superior of man.

The Century opens with an interesting article by Albert Morris Bagby on Liszt, with two excellent portraits. The article is superior to much of the fantastic idolatry that has been lavished on 'the Master' in journalism heretofore, in showing the grounds for the hero-worship, and proving Liszt's own simplicity to be very far from consciously striving to excite any idolatry. Two spirited articles on Ballooning, one by Alfred E. Moore and one by John G. Doughty, are admirable bits of description, and the second article is illustrated from photographs taken in the balloon. 'A Pistol-shot,' by Kate Foote, is a thrilling and suggestive short story, for which the author must have had some foundation in fact to indulge in a conception so daring. S. G. W. Benjamin gives 'A Glance at the Arts of Persia,' showing them to be well worth more than a glance; and Emily Nunn Whitman writes pleasantly of 'The Zoölogical Station at Naples.' Mrs. Piatt has some verses in which her usual precocious child indulges in rather worse rhyme and rhythm than usual, and with rather less idea at the bottom of it than we are generally able to extract from her broken sentences. The War papers deal with Chancellorsville, and army movements, or non-movements, on both sides so full of importance that, in the opinion of Gen. Pleasanton, just a little more ability in the generals on either side would have put an end to the war in 1863.

'The Sunset Land' of Captain Kemeys continues to be a leading feature of *Outing*, as a piece of spirited description given with great dignity of style. Mr. Stevens still appears in alternately startling contrasts of wild bicycling adventure and comfortable siestas on hospitable Eastern divans. Lieut. Bigelow's search for Geronimo is 'to be continued,' though Geronimo has at last been captured; and 'The Last Voyage of the Surprise' has a number of amusing Japanese illustrations. Mr. Cozzens's yachts still career daintily through the whitecaps of Capt. Coffin's text, and Rev. Sylvanus Stall describes the Canadian tour of some clerical wheelmen.—'A Poet in his Decline,' by Edward Duffy, the opening article of *The Brooklyn Magazine*, is the touching story of the last days of John G. Saxe, as they are wearily wearing themselves away at his home in Albany, overshadowed by a pitiful cloud of affliction and by the ill health which is doubly sad as the result of an accident. 'In a Row-boat,' by Bessie Chandler, is a bright little bit of realistic verse; but 'Magnitudes,' as 'a story,' is certainly the most preposterous and incomprehensible bit of fiction we have read for many a day.—*The Overland* opens with a clever short story, 'The Lone Woman of Keya Pass Mountain,' by John Milton Hoffman—a new writer whose work is most promising, though suggestive of Bret Harte rather than of John Milton or of Hoffman. The serial of life on a Mexican *hacienda* is as vivid and picturesque as ever. George Bayley gives a description of the ascent of Mt. Tacoma, and there are sketches of Japanese folk-lore, the Indian snake-dance, and beer-drinking in

Germany.—*The Southern Bivouac* opens with an account of 'The Second Day of the War,' by F. G. de Fontaine, a writer who knows how to be gracefully just to either a fallen or a triumphant foe. There are many tributes in memory of Paul Hamilton Hayne. Will Wallace Harney gives some practical advice on orange culture.

The New Princeton for September confirms the impression which the review has already made, of substantiality and strength, without heaviness. It is fortunate in its leading articles,—this time in Mr. E. C. Stedman's plea for 'Genius,' Mr. A. J. Ormond states 'The Agnostic Dilemma' compactly and well. Mr. W. C. Prime writes,—too gloomily, we are sure—of 'Country Churches in New England.' G. R. Gibson tells once more the story of Mormonism, Sarah Newlin advocates fair dealing with the Indians, General Howard gives a second article on 'The Freedman during the War,' and Francis Courtenay Baylor brings out new treasures from the old 'Dispatch Box.' 'The Blue Veil' is a story translated from the German. *The New Princeton's* fiction is never commonplace, but we do not get quite free of a sense of incongruity between its fiction on the one hand, and its essays and descriptive articles on the other. There are the usual Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews.

Henry George, in *The North American*, gives some painful facts in regard to 'Labor in Pennsylvania,' touching largely on the wrongs to children which grinding poverty obliges even the parents to consent to. Dr. Tourgee, in an article on 'A Study in Civilization,' which is a glowing tribute to the novel of 'Ramona' and incidentally to the romantic and ideal school of fiction, writes with all his old energy and clearness. Mr. Arthur Richmond, in his 'Letters to Prominent Persons,' takes occasion to deal in unprofitable and impertinent personalities. Miss Kate Field comes forward with more frightful statistics about the Mormon blood-atonement. Rev. George R. Crooks explains why he is a Methodist, H. M. Hyndman thinks Socialism is spreading in England, and N. P. Hill hopes nothing will be allowed to interfere with the payment of the national debt. One reads the paper on female suffrage with continued wonder as to what manner of man undertakes to write thus of woman in the Nineteenth Century; but one's increased surprise on turning to the title-page and discovering that the writer is herself a woman, is diminished on finding the woman to be Ouida.—*The English Illustrated* is taking high rank among the magazines. It is certainly a noteworthy member which contains the close of so good a serial as 'My Friend Jim,' the conclusion of so beautiful a story as 'A Garden of Memories,' and more of Hugh Thompson's delightful drawings from 'The Spectator.' Miss Alma-Tadema contributes an amusing article, written two years ago, on 'Fashions in Hair,' with elaborate illustrations, and Mr. Watson writes of 'Dogs of the Chase.'

The Magazine of American History for September is a particularly good number. The long paper by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb on the New York Historical Society is full of interest. It is illustrated with many portraits of distinguished New Yorkers. J. Algernon Peters writes of the relations of Pope Pius IX. with the Southern Confederacy, and of a letter sent by him to Jefferson Davis. A curious piece of information is given under the title of 'New England's Lost City Found.' It seems that the vanished city of Norumbega, founded probably by the French, was situated near Boston, 'about four miles above the head of tide-water on the Charles River and near the dividing line between the City of Waltham and the town of Weston.'

Le Livre for August 10th contains an interesting account of the printing-press of the Duchess de Luynes, which was set up by her at the Chateau of Dampierre. The Duchess had been Palace Lady to Marie Antoinette, and after the queen's fall she retired to her estates with her husband, and diverted herself by printing numerous works, including translations from the English. In 1810, the imperial ordi-

nance against private printing-presses brought the Duchess's career as a printer to an end. The first article in the number is on an unknown original edition of three of La Fontaine's fables. A charming etching of a Louis XV. group, 'La Lecture à Cythère,' occupies a full page. Considerable space is dedicated to the inauguration of the statue of Lamartine, the discourses of Houssaye and Claretie and an ode by Clovis Hugues being given in full.

'*The North American Review*, Vol. CXLII,' and '*The Forum*, Vol. I,' are the legends inscribed on the backs of two bulky tomes that reach us almost simultaneously. Despite the great difference in their ages, the two magazines bear a close resemblance to each other; one would never suspect that one was an infant and the other an old man; and indeed they are only so in years. Practically they are both in the prime of life; and they seek the support, though by somewhat different methods, of very much the same class of readers. As we have noticed the monthly numbers as they appeared, it is needless to recapitulate the contents of these sober and solid-looking books.

'*The Forum* gives us this month eleven articles, instead of the customary ten. Professor Sumner heads the list, and discusses 'Industrial War.' Dr. Bartol writes in a rather dilettante fashion on 'Civilization and Suicide.' E. S. Nadal lashes 'The New York Aldermen,' and G. A. Townsend puffs Jay Gould. Dr. Felix L. Oswald treats 'The Temperance Trilemma' from a total abstinence standpoint. 'The Turning of the Worm' is a defence of the downtrodden editor, by James E. Learned. Clifford Thomson tells of 'The Waste by Fire,' and J. Q. Howard of 'Modern Smuggling.' 'The Confessions of a Baptist' are not quite so piquant as the others of the series have been, because some of the sins confessed are not peculiarly characteristic of Baptists. President Bartlett tells how he was educated—and this suggests the inquiry whether the continuance of these brief autobiographies is to edification. Perhaps the most careful and thoughtful paper of all is by Dr. C. L. Dana, considering the question 'Is Life Worth Saving?'

London Letter.

THE arts are sleeping. Literature, music, the drama, painting, sculpture—all are silent and idle. Only on one of them a certain interest centres from the outside; and that one is the art of picture-making, as represented by the Royal Academy. On that venerable institution has the agitator been practising this some time past his unhallowed arts; and at last have his efforts been crowned with success. He has clamored for reform; and the Academy has flatly refused to grant his will. That has been its way from the first; and that will be its way until the end. Nothing save reconstitution will ever prevail with it to suffer change of any sort. As it began, so will it continue till it is recast and remodelled out of existence. That will not be this time. It has the public ear; it is fashionable; to nineteenth-twentieths of its innumerable visitors the quality of the work it exhibits is matter of absolute indifference; and the present agitation, or I am much deceived, will have the fate of its innumerable predecessors.

I incline to believe that its *fors et origo* is *The Magazine of Art*. For some years past that journal has been conspicuous for the vigor with which it has attacked the academical element in the annual exhibitions at Burlington House, for the thoroughness with which it has championed the younger schools, and for the resolution with which it has discussed the principles and quoted the example of the greater pupils of Constable, who are responsible for whatever is of fresh and lasting importance in modern painting; while in its current volume an attempt has been made, in a series of short articles, to tell the public exactly what the Royal Academy is, what is the nature of its foundation, and what are the grounds on which is based the popular fallacy that it is national and representative, and how it has

come to pass that, being only a private corporation, it has been able to enjoy the honors while it shirked the responsibilities of a public institution. That this line of action has been greatly applauded by painters outside the ring is certain; it is legitimate to suppose that it has been bitterly resented by the Forty, and that it may go for something in the attitude adopted of late towards the Academy by the press in general. Certain it is that since some time back the diversions of the Hanging Committee have been subjected to the keenest scrutiny and discussed in terms the roundest and the most insolent. When Mr. Van Haanen, who has converted to his way of thinking and painting quite a little school of Academicians, was rejected a couple of seasons ago, the press took note of it with quite exemplary ferocity; and when, last May, Mons. Rodin's 'Idylle' achieved the apotheosis of refusal at the hands of Mr. Calder Marshall, the idiosyncrasies of the sacred Forty were so freely debated, and with so much temper, as to seem abominable even to the public at large, which cares for none of these things, and believes that when it has bought its catalogue, and paid its shilling at the turnstiles, it has done as much for the year's art as can possibly be expected of it. The case of M. Rodin, indeed, may be said to have brought matters to a crisis. You read of it in *The Times*, *The Architect*, *The Academy*, *The St. James's Gazette*, *The Magazine of Art* and other papers. The other day I found it discussed, with proper feeling and good judgment, in the Answers to Correspondents in *The Family Herald*! The fact is significant. When, long years ago, the Academy 'flooded' Daubigny, and, not content with that fine burst of patriotic feeling, 'floored' Corot himself to keep him company, there was not a critic to protest against the act, nor a visitor to wonder why it had been done. We have got to be less insular since then. We have unlearned our Ruskinism, and can see and recognize a good thing without any reference to Turner. The Rodin business is a proof of it; the influence of Mr. Whistler is another; the growing popularity of Mr. Sargent a third. And these are only three of many.

But to return to my story. While the press was working in the sense which I have indicated, the painters themselves were not idle. In the course of the present year there appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette* the communications of 'An Outsider,' to which the present agitation may be more directly referred. The 'Outsider' was modest enough in his demands. He did not ask for any violent and sweeping reforms; he did not propose that the 'Instrument' which called the Academy into being should be cancelled, and a new charter prepared in its place; he did not call for the head of Mr. Herbert on a charger, or plead that Mr. Long should be dismissed from the Academy, and apprenticed to a confectioner; he did not even suggest that the public should see the yearly accounts, and learn how the Academy spends its money. All he wanted was that a certain change should be made in the number of pictures which artists—whether Academicians or outsiders—may exhibit. The contributions of the Forty he would have limited to four a-piece, those of the unprivileged to two; and he supported this demand by a solid vote of '273 out of the 279 principal "outside" artists of England.' Of course he failed. The question was debated in full Council; and the Forty Infallibles declined to budge an inch from the vantage ground of their infallibility. It was to no purpose that the President counselled change, and Mr. Frith himself was heard to speak on the side of novelty and innovation. The old members, as Mr. Armitage has since confessed, had been stung to madness by the comments of the press upon their works; they 'could not resist the temptation of crushing the buzzing fly which for some time had been teasing and goading the team of the Academic wagon;' and, the young ambition of Mr. Holl and the indignant valor of Mr. Sidney Cooper greatly aiding, they victoriously reasserted their rights as members of a private club, a co-operative as-

sociation for the manufacture and sale of works of art. They declined all counsel, and they refused all redress; they would not reform themselves, nor would they give heed to temptations of reform from without; they would surrender none of their privileges; and, above all, they would not submit to either criticism or interference from the press. This was their *non possumus*, their challenge to the world at large, their defiance to art-critics and outsiders in particular. It left things pretty much as they were, and as, to my thinking, they will remain; and therewith the affair might have been ended. But the 'principal outside artists of England' were not so minded; and—Mr. Herbert, a chief offender, having meanwhile demitted himself of his Academicianship, and with it the capacity of those annual manifestations for which he is justly famous—there presently appeared that protest of Messrs. Holman Hunt, Walter Crane and George Clausen which is the immediate and actual cause of the present corroboree or shindy. All three are well-known men. Mr. Hunt is the one survival of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; he has learned little and forgotten nothing since the days when there was no gospel but theirs, and Ruskin was its prophet; his theory and practice of art are antediluvian, as it were—are petrefactions from an earlier deposit. Mr. Crane, who (to my mind) is one of the least agreeable, not to say the most intolerable, of painters, has a graceful fancy in black and white, and has displayed ere now a talent for decoration which is genuine, if a trifle mannered and peculiar. Mr. Clausen, a representative of the *plein air* school as it exists in England, owes much to Bastien-Lepage, but is also under considerable obligations to himself, and may be regarded as one of the most accomplished and sincere of the younger school. Such a conjunction as that of these three was, it will be admitted, by no means infelicitous or ill-starred. They spoke with a certain authority, and in the name of several coteries; and the burden of their discourse was, not the reform of the Academy, but nothing less than its abolition and supersession. Why, at the announcement of this fell design, the stars did not pause in their courses, while the sun started from its sphere, and *The Athenæum* went publicly mad, and howled aloud about the graves of Turner and Dr. Waagen, is what has remained, and must ever remain, among the mysterious and inexplicable things of human history.

The age of miracles (however) has passed; and all that happened was that one of the older of the Academicians—a veteran among veterans—wrote to *The Times*, and said that he gloried in his and his brethren's iniquity. Mr. Armitage, R.A., followed suit, but with a saner theory and in a better temper. Mr. Hunt plunged into the fray again, and spoiled his own case by accusing the Academy of all manner of crimes. One of the young men of *The Times* reviewed the whole question in a very sensible leading article; and to-day 'An Outsider' puts in his oar again, and calmly proceeds to convict the Academy of such ill-feeling and want of foresight as are inexcusable even in a corporation, which, as Sydney Smith has said, has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be d—d. There, for the time being, the matter rests; and there, as I have said, it is like to rest for some time. Only public opinion can make any change in the constitution of the Academy; and public opinion is neither well-educated nor wise enough to be turned on to any such task. The plebiscitum—as to which were the best twelve pictures in the last exhibition—which has been organized by *The Pall Mall Gazette* is argument in proof of it. Some two thousand amateurs have recorded their votes; and by an immense majority Mr. Leader and Mr. V. Cole are saluted the princes of the art of landscape, Mr. Holl as the chief of portrait painters, and Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'Peter the Great at Deptford'—one of the artist's worst works—as the best picture of history, and a Sant—a Sant, R.A.!—as the top of excellence in another Department still. Mr. Sargent and Mons.

Fautin-Latour are not mentioned at all; Mons. Carolus-Duran's 'Miss Robbins' finds but twenty-two supporters; the art of the younger schools is hardly recognized; so far as I have seen, Mr. Collier's 'Miss Nettie Huxley' is as disconsidered as Mr. Hennessey's landscapes, and the studies and sketches of Mr. Whistler, and the achievement of Messrs. Thume, and Pickering, and Cotman, and Leslie Thomson. It is always the Academicians who are found admirable; at the Grosvenor as at Burlington House, the line is mostly theirs; above or beside them it is impossible to look. To expect anything from a public so constituted is to be superior to reason and indifferent to fact.

Of general news there is little or none. Mr. Dobson's 'Steele' has appeared, and very quiet, scholarly, and punctilious work it is; Mr. Dobson is an ardent Thackerayite, and it appears to be his mission in prose to run counter to his master—to prove that Thackeray's Steele and Thackeray's Fielding have nothing in common with the Fielding and the Steele of fact. M. Robida has finished his 'Rabelais' (Paris: Librairie Illustrée); and to him are due the thanks of all who have laughed with Messer Alcofribas, or gone forth, whether alone or in company, in quest of the shrine of La Dive Bouteille. A book—a sumptuous and lordly book—on 'Les Styles' (Paris: Rouam) is deserving of all respect, and of more and greater honors than I can render to it here. Finally, I would advise such of your readers as are interested in decorative art in all its branches to procure and study the 'Fantaisies Décoratives' (Paris: Rouam) of Habert-Dys, which contains some of the prettiest and most suggestive work I have seen since long.

LONDON, August 21st, 1886.

H. B.

At the Gate.

ENTER not here if ye have aught to say
Of what is left behind you, joy or pain;
The past is like a volume laid away
Wherein these people never look again.
Enter not here if any wish remain
For wealth or earthly splendor and renown:
These things to many were an endless bane;
But, if ye enter, lay your troubles down
Here at the gate, for Peace is mistress of the town.
SAMUEL V. COLE.

Face to Face.

WE say we know each other. On our hearts
We bind the memory of a glance, a smile,
A wondrous kindling of the soul in speech;
And something of that presence, which a while
Had brought our spirits near enough to reach
Vainly from out their mortal prison house.
In vain we look into each other's eyes,
Hopeless are words, and hopeless are our sighs.
Our hands may clasp in friendship or in love
Or we may yield to passion's fierce embrace,
Yet know we not that spirit from above,
And shall not know it till we're face to face.
Then may we know, and knowing, feel no shame
That in our knowledge nothing needs a name.
JULY 20, 1886. MARVIN BREWSTER.

An Appeal from the Far East.

PROTAP CHANDRA ROY, Secretary to the Datavya Bharata Karyalaya, has issued a circular, dated Calcutta, June 1st, 1886, in which he sets forth his efforts to rescue and preserve the ancient literature of India. At first, it seems, he published a cheap edition of the Mahabharata; then he resolved to publish an edition for gratuitous circulation. This design led to the formation of the Society of which he is Secretary. We have been requested to make some ex-

tracts from the circular in which he records the doings and the hopes of that Society, and take pleasure in doing so :—

The Datavya Bharata Karyalaya has, within the course of the last eight years, printed and gratuitously distributed two editions of the 'Mahabharata' in Bengalee translation, each edition comprising nearly 3,000 copies. The fourth edition of the 'Mahabharata' (the third of the series for gratuitous distribution) has been commenced and will take some time before it is completed. One edition of the 'Harivansa' comprising 3,000 copies, has been exhausted. The 'Ramayana' also that was taken in hand has been completed, the text of Valmiki being published with a translation. Roughly estimated, the Bharata Karyalaya has distributed up to date nearly twelve thousand copies of the 'Ramayana,' 'Mahabharata,' and the 'Harivansa' taken together, and that number would swell to 18,000, when the fourth edition of the 'Mahabharata' will be complete. A single copy of the 'Mahabharata' consists of about 1,033 forms, octavo, demy; a single copy of the 'Harivansa,' 112 forms; and a single copy of the 'Ramayana,' 578 forms. The arithmetical result, therefore, of the operations of the Bharata Karyalaya has been that 14,469,000 separate printed forms have been already gratuitously distributed and are in course of distribution. . . .

Several persons of note and personages even in high rank, sympathizing with the objects of the Datavya Bharata Karyalaya, had from time to time recommended to me that the 'Mahabharata,' if translated into English, would, to quote the sentiments of the Right Honorable the Marquis of Hartington, as conveyed to me in Dr. R. Rost's letter of the 6th of October, 1882, and published at the time in nearly all the Indian newspapers, 'supply a want long felt, and be a real boon to the ever-increasing band of students of Indian history and archæology.' These recommendations exactly falling in with the views entertained by me for some time past, had been taken into earnest consideration. . . . With regard to the 'Mahabharata' in particular, on which, as remarked by Oriental scholars, Aryan poets and prose writers of succeeding ages have drawn as on a national bank of unlimited resources, I was fully persuaded that the usefulness of such a translation and its gratuitous distribution in India and Europe and America would recommend itself to all right-thinking men without the need of any eloquent elaboration. I proposed, therefore, to publish an English translation of the 'Mahabharata' in monthly parts of ten forms each, octavo, demy. Twenty-two parts have already been issued agreeably to this plan. The present edition, it was originally intended, should consist of 1250* copies, 250 copies being intended for distribution in India, free of all charges, among the gentry, the aristocracy, and reigning chiefs, 300 among Indian officials of the higher ranks, 250 for distribution out of India, chiefly among the *savants* of Europe and America; 200 copies being reserved (as experience has taught me) for making up losses caused to recipients by negligence and in transit; the remaining 250 copies being charged for at Rs. 50 and Rs. 65 per copy, inclusive of postal costs, Rs. 50 being payable by persons in India and Rs. 65 by those in Europe and America. Any person desirous of taking a copy, whose name may not be entered in the free list, may, if he likes, have his name registered in the list of those to whom the aforesaid 250 copies are to be supplied for Rs. 50 or Rs. 65 a copy. In cases, however, of sheer inability on the part of these, copies may even be supplied, as long as available, at Rs. 12 or Rs. 25, according as the address is Indian or foreign. It is needless, however, to say that this last class of recipients must necessarily be limited.

The time has now come for me to make a vigorous effort for funds. I cannot say that I have been disappointed in my expectations as regards the liberality of my countrymen. Although the measure of the liberality that India has accorded to me in the matter of this the latest undertaking of the Bharata Karyalaya has undoubtedly been smaller than what had been accorded to the labors of the institution in the purely Sanskrit and Vernacular departments, yet, all things considered, India could not be expected to do more. The different Provincial administrations of India have already granted to me Rs. 15,500, and the princes and chiefs of the country, besides what they have already contributed, have promised to help me to some extent more. But all the help I may derive from India will not come up to the amount necessary for the completion of the Eng-

lish Translation of the 'Mahabharata.' I have elsewhere observed that 'literature is a cosmopolitan concern and that Valmiki and Vyasa lived as much for the Hindus as for any other race of men capable of understanding them.' Nor is the completion of the English translation of the 'Mahabharata' the only aim I have in view. To ensure permanency to the Bharata Karyalaya, so that it may be thoroughly independent of the health and life of one individual, is another aim I have in view.

. . . . The world has advanced in catholicity. Laborers in useful causes have but to convince the world of the usefulness of their undertakings. If they succeed in doing this, their projects have little fear of falling through, for want of support. . . .

N. B. As regards America, contributions may be sent to W. E. Coleman, Esq., Presidio San Francisco, California, U. S. A.; as regards Germany, to Professor H. Jacobi, of the University of Kiel, Karlstrasse; as regards France, to M. A. Barth of 6 Rue Duvioux Columbiere, Paris; and as regards England, to Prof. Max Müller, 7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, England.

Mr. Howells and the British Aristocracy.

[The Saturday Review.]

If Democrat William D. Howells had only announced his intention of having a shot at the British aristocracy, there cannot be a doubt that the British aristocracy would have come down. But no announcement was made, and the venerable—or is hoary the better word?—institution falls to the shot delivered in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*. Democrat Howells is strong, but he is not truly merciful. Long ago he slew Thackeray and Dickens, and left us mourning their demonstrated inferiority to William D. Howells. If he did not mean to spare the aristocracy, he might at least have wiped them out along with the scribblers whom we once ignorantly applauded, instead of leading us to believe that they were exempted from the slaughter, and after all smashing them remorselessly while the anguish of our earlier loss was still unforgettably fresh.

The text on which the noble Democrat founds his demolition of 'this ugly relic of feudalism' is General Badeau's work on Aristocracy in England. Not the least harrowing feature of the execution is his pretended belief that he is doing the aristocracy a kindness. 'One fancies the thing itself feeling a sort of relief if its reign were once well over, and it were reduced to its merely human elements once more.' First 'the thing' is stripped of the virtues which have been erroneously ascribed to it. It is not brave—at least not braver than ploughboys. Even the degraded Thackeray could see that. It is not voracious or generous. It is true that it speaks the truth and gives things to other people, but what is the merit of that when you are rich? (Faculties corrupted by nurture under the baleful shadow of aristocracy may be excused for failing to apprehend how it is easier for a rich than for a poor man to be truthful.) One virtue is allowed to aristocrats in such a manner as to be more damaging than if it were denied. They are frank; that is, 'they do no trouble themselves to hide their bad qualities.' The result of the existence of these shameless beings is 'the corrosion of English life by snobbishness.' Thus, 'when it comes to a question of rank, the natural self-respect of the English people is eaten away.' Their 'spiritual abasement is open and undeniable.' People of importance—horrible thought!—are looked up to. In fact, if any one read General Badeau's book without that accurate knowledge of English history which distinguishes all Americans, the notorious infamy of the aristocracy would 'simply seem preposterous.' Therefore William D. Howells hangs his head in shame, and reads the English aristocracy and nation generally out of the congregation of the polite and virtuous.

When the slaughter is done, however, there are certain precious balms in Gilead. For has not 'the thing' been massacred partly by the aid of contrast? And is not that contrast the most soul-enobling in the world? In the self-respecting and uncorroded Republic which gave birth to William D. Howells how different is the prevailing sentiment! No ugly relics of feudalism pollute the pure air of a continent of which the soil is held in fee according to the law borrowed from England in 1776, and altered comparatively little since. If they hang their heads in shame (as they do), it is because of our vileness. For they respect themselves. No one in America looks up to any one else, because—but if any one cannot see the reason he does not deserve to be told what it is. 'Though with us some people may look down upon their fellows, their fellows . . . do not look up.' There the prowling lord is uncorroded, for there are no snobs to corrode him. The man-of-letters or science finds himself only one among a holy, happy band of men and brothers. Equality

* This was the original plan, before the first fasciculus was issued. This number has, however, been since increased at the suggestion of R. C. Dutt, Esq., C. S., and the Editor of 'Native Opinion,' Bombay, as also of other gentlemen who take a lively interest in the 'Karyalaya.' The fact is, the 'Karyalaya' is now issuing nearly 2,500 copies. The number of copies, therefore, obtainable at Rs. 12 or Rs. 25, is much larger than originally intended.

reigns supreme—or perhaps reigns level is more accurate. The actor who has wrung the heart-strings of thousands of manly and intelligent beings steps out of the stage-door to find himself a manly and intelligent being like any one of them, neither more nor less. No sordid or snobbish curiosity corrodes the pleasures of domesticity. No eager vanity, no uneasy boasting, no morbid sensitiveness as to the position one occupies in the esteem of any one else. No transparent endeavors to conceal jealousy under a mask of contempt. No petulant impressions betraying envy of those who have got something which you want in both senses of the word. In short, nobody looking up to anybody. The thought of this must console us in extinction. Let us strive to cultivate the manners and habits of thought of the great American people, until at last we shall have natural self-respect, but no ugly relics, no spiritual abasement, no corroding snobbishness—and no aristocracy!

Amateur Authors.

[The Spectator.]

'POEMS, short stories, essays, sketches, also a serial story, wanted from amateur authors for an established magazine; also for book publication. Remuneration, half-a-guinea a page.' So runs, with variations, a series of advertisements which for several years past has been appearing intermittently in most of the London daily papers. Sometimes, however, the magazine is described as 'newly projected,' instead of 'old-established,' the mention of book publication is omitted, and the remuneration either put at the low rate of four shillings a page, or left to the imagination. As these advertisements (which, though they have a strong family likeness, obviously emanate from divers sources) cost money, and frequently appear for many days together, it may be presumed that amateur authors are a numerous class, and that those who appeal to their vanity or credulity find their account in doing so.

But here we are met with a difficulty. What is an 'amateur author?' The dictionary defines an 'amateur' as 'a person attached to a particular pursuit, study, or science, as to music or painting, without regard to gain or emolument.' If this definition be correct, and we have no reason to doubt its accuracy, the advertisements in question are a contradiction in terms, for the moment an amateur takes pay, he loses that character and becomes a 'professional.' In fact, the prominence given to the offer of remuneration shows that the scribes whom these advertising anglers for authors desire to catch are anything but amateurs, and that the last idea in their heads is to work 'without regard to gain or emolument.' They are would-be authors because they want to gain money, and possibly get themselves talked about. This presumption is confirmed by the language of the circulars with which the advertisers favor inquiring correspondents. Literature, they point out, is one of the most lucrative of callings, as witness the large fortunes acquired by Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, and sundry other authors of renown. On the other hand, the difficulty of entering on the career of letters is described as being almost insuperable. Editors are notoriously blind to the merits of obscure writers, however brilliant may be their performances; and it is a well-known fact that publishers simply decline to look at the manuscript of a man who has not already made his mark. Moved by this deplorable state of things, a number of ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a Society for the encouragement of amateur authors, and for smoothing their path to fame and fortune. To this end, they have established a monthly magazine (copy forwarded on receipt of sevenpence), and entered into relations with sundry publishers. All manuscripts forwarded to their secretary will receive immediate attention. If found suitable, the tale, essay, or what not, will be inserted in the magazine (remuneration, half-a-guinea a page). If the writer would prefer to have his work produced in some other shape, he has only to signify his pleasure, and arrangements will be made accordingly. In order to profit by these privileges, all that is required from the literary aspirant is to take the magazine for a year, subscription half-a-guinea (payable in advance), and become a member of the Society, yearly subscription one guinea (also payable in advance).

Our amateur, fondly believing that the chance for which he (or she) has so long yearned is now within his reach, remits the money without delay, and follows it up, a day or two later, with a big bundle of manuscript—a poem of five thousand stanzas, or a novel of a thousand folios—for 'publication in book form,' or, it may be, some lighter effusion, deemed suitable for the pages of the magazine. After impatiently waiting a month or so for an answer, the amateur addresses to the secretary a courteous

letter, inquiring whether his manuscript has been received and how it is being dealt with. The reply comes in due course. It is to the effect that the manuscript is in the hands of the Society's literary adviser (or editor, as the case may be), that he is extremely busy, but that so soon as he has a little leisure, he will carefully read Mr. Neophyte's novel, and lay before him a proposal in relation thereto. The proposal is a long time coming, however; perhaps it never comes at all, or in a shape which renders it utterly unacceptable. The Society's publishers are prepared to bring out the novel, provided the author will defray the cost of production, estimated at, say, 150*l.*, and they will account to him for sales, or otherwise pay him a royalty of half-a-guinea each on all copies sold. If the would-be novelist, blessed with more money than wit, should close with the offer, we cannot tell (never having met with anybody who had tried the experiment) what the result would be; but we greatly fear that it might not quite come up to his expectations. As for the magazine article, he would have reason to consider himself fortunate if he got back his manuscript intact, and bought his experience at no greater outlay than the original 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The *modus operandi* is not, however, always the same. The magazine may be defunct and in course of resurrection, or a new amateurs' magazine may be in active preparation, or there may be no magazine whatever. The aim of the Society may be merely to act as intermediary between editors short of copy or publishers in quest of new authors, and literary aspirants as yet unknown to fame. But of one thing the amateur may be quite sure. He will be asked for money. He may possibly be asked for a great deal, for one of the dodges practised by some of these advertising gentry is to 'want' as editor for a magazine, any lady or gentleman of literary tastes, and possessed of a few hundred pounds. On making application in the quarter indicated, the lady or gentleman with these qualifications is told that the sum required is 500*l.*, to be advanced by way of loan, on which 5 per cent. interest will be regularly paid, and the principal returned at the end of five years. In the mean time, the successful candidate (lady or gentleman of literary tastes) will receive remuneration for his or her services at the rate of 25*l.* per annum, paid monthly. Should the applicant desire to see the magazine whose proprietors have made him this generous offer, he will probably be shown the copy of a periodical which died a natural death a few years previously, and will be told that, with the help of his money, it will be revived and become a prosperous concern. The lady or gentleman of literary tastes who swallows so palpable a bait must be green indeed; but human folly is even a more incalculable quantity than the ingenuity of knaves, and as care is taken to make no flagrant misrepresentation, the victim's sole chance of redress in the very probable event of the magazine again coming to grief, would be an action for debt against people not worth powder and shot.

Another proof of the existence of a widespread desire to figure in print, and turn an honest penny by literature, is the popularity of guides to authorship, literary manuals, and the like. These things are nearly all got up in the interest of commission publishers and printers, who are anxious to publish books at the writers' risk and cost; and beyond the technical instruction they give as to preparing manuscript for the press and correcting proofs, are of very little use. The art of authorship can no more be acquired by reading these manuals than the art of horsemanship by watching a man ride. Anybody with a fair education and some brains may easily pen a passable newspaper paragraph; but there is as wide a difference between this and writing a leading article good enough for the *Times*, or a book that a discriminating publisher would be likely to accept, as between breaking stones and building a house. A man who would succeed in literature or journalism must possess a certain natural aptitude, a fairly well-stored mind, indomitable perseverance, and a liking, or at any rate a capacity, for hard work. He must, moreover, be willing to work on for years without any striking result, and despite his utmost efforts, may never rise above the rank and file. In other words, an apprenticeship must be served to literature as to every other profession. Even in the case of writers who seem to have achieved success at the first attempt, it will generally be found that they have written much that has either never seen the light, or perished still-born. The difficulty of getting articles accepted and books published is grossly exaggerated. An editor, unless he be a fool (and the fact of his being an editor may be taken as proof to the contrary), is only too glad to print a paper of exceptional merit, and publishers are as anxious to enlist a new author of merit as to sell a new edition. The trouble is rather the other way; it is so easy nowadays to get books published, that the market is flooded with stuff that should never have been printed, and which will never

pay the cost of production. On the other hand, a publisher, being no more infallible than any other body, may make a mistake, and refuse a work which he had better have accepted; but he more often does the reverse, and accepts works which it would have been better for him to have rejected. Happily, however (or, as some may think, unhappily), publishers are many, and if the amateur is repulsed in one quarter, he can easily offer his wares in another, and still another. Yet, though perseverance is greatly to be commended, we should not recommend him to go on forever. If three or four publishers in succession refuse his novel or poem, or whatever it may be, let him go home, commit his manuscript to the flames, and begin afresh. If he shrinks from the sacrifice, or is unequal to the effort, he may be sure that he has not in him the making of a successful author.

Another point as to which much misconception prevails among would-be authors and journalists, is the profit of literary work. For the most part, the work is very hard, and the pay comparatively poor. We believe we are right in saying that, out of London, there is hardly a single editor, even of a daily paper, whose salary exceeds 600*l.* a year; while, in London, the prizes of the profession may almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands. An unattached journalist who is clever, who works hard, who has a good connection and enjoys good health, may possibly make 700*l.* But if he take a longer holiday than usual, is temporarily disabled by an accident, or laid up a few weeks by illness, his earnings are proportionately diminished; and the average is probably very much less than the sum we have named.

As for the gains of authorship, they vary so greatly that no trustworthy estimate concerning them can be attempted. Very few amateurs, we imagine, have any idea of writing on history, philosophy, or science. These are subjects whose successful cultivation requires a special training, years of study and research, and, it may be, years of waiting for any pecuniary result. To the aspiring amateur, fiction is by far the most attractive department of literature, and the one to which his efforts are generally directed. But even here the blanks are many and the prizes few. Think of the multitude of novels which are published every year whose authors are never heard of again, and which must needs have landed somebody in heavy loss. A sale of four hundred copies in the three-volume form is by no means bad, and decidedly above the average; yet the outcome for the author would be only about 75*l.*, and he is a clever man who can produce two novels a year worth reading. Unless a writer even of fair repute is able to dispose of the serial right of his novels to advantage, he had better, so far as money-making is concerned, give his attention to something else. He would probably earn more as a curate, a cab-driver, or a compositor. There is, of course, always the off-chance of his making a hit, like the late Hugh Conway. But the extraordinary success of 'Called Back,' and the host of imitations it called into being, show how very remote that chance is. Success is more generally won slowly, and by dint of pegging away, after the manner of Anthony Trollope, who before he 'struck oil,' wrote several novels and a good many articles for nothing, and ten years of hard work brought him no more than 55*l.*

But whatever method a novelist may adopt or fortune provide, he must make a name before he can make money. The nameless writers of novelette-fiction are as ill-paid as washerwomen and seamstresses. The ordinary price for a novelette containing as much matter as a one-volume novel, varies from 5*l.* to 10*l.* True, the quality need not be very high, but the mere writing and proof-reading require time, and he would be a prolific author indeed who could produce a dozen of these stories in the course of a year. Altogether, the outlook for the aspiring amateur cannot be considered very encouraging, and unless he possess a more than ordinary measure both of industry and imagination, the career of letters is about the last which he ought to adopt. But if he has written, and decides to publish, let him beware of bogus societies and literary jackals, who will certainly keep his money, and probably refuse, without further blackmail, to surrender his manuscript.

Current Criticism

WHAT GLADSTONE TALKS ABOUT.—One evening recently, at a dinner, a curious friend of mine made note that in the course of the repast he touched upon the following themes:—The latest excavations by Dr. Petrie in Egypt, with a picturesque detail or two about Babylonian and Egyptian domestic life, Alphonse Daudet's 'Sappho' giving a text for some vehement remarks about the degeneracy of French novelistic literature since

the realists came into vogue; Norwegian fishing customs; Sarah Bernhardt and Mary Anderson as women and as actresses, with a decided preference for Mary as the first and Sarah as the second; anecdotes of Lord Brougham, Taglioni, Charles Dickens, Louis Philippe, Tom Sayers, Garibaldi; whether the flowing grace of the Greek chiton was preferable after all to the inviting prettiness of the small waist; the meanness of muzzling dogs; a mention of old china (of which Mr. Gladstone is a connoisseur and collector) leading to an account of the Duc d'Aumale's bric-à-brac, that leading to a sketch of the beautiful palace of Chatillon, that to a chat about M^{de}. de Sévigné, and that to a regret that the English have not the faculty for making memoirs so attractive as the French, and that, again, to a correction, with personal testimony, of some of Greville's mistakes—a bubbling, effervescent stream, coming from the springs of a heart as fresh as in the spring time of young manhood. Somebody has compared Mr. Gladstone's heart and intellect to a winter pear which blooms and ripens under the snows of age.—*London Correspondence of the Star.*

MR. WHITTIER AND BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—My attention has been called to an article in the June number of *The Century*, in which the writer, referring to the poem on Barbara Frietchie, says: 'The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.' Those who know me will bear witness that I am not in the habit of boasting of anything whatever, least of all, of congratulating myself upon a doubtful statement outliving the possibility of correction. I certainly made no 'boast' of the kind imputed to me. The poem of Barbara Frietchie was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth.—*The Century.*

FRENCH AND AMERICAN COMEDIANS CONTRASTED.—Another prominent feature in American comedians that distinguishes them from the French (Mr. Boucicault went on to say) is their apparent disregard of their audience. The French comedian plays to her public, the American comedians play to each other, so concerned with one another and in the scene that they never acknowledge the spectators. This appears to us to be the higher art, if the most perfect form of art consists in concealing itself. This is a remarkable feature in the Daly company, and as it appears equally so in 'The Jilt,' where the bulk of the performers are English, picked up here and there, we presume that this quality belongs to the American stage and the English performers were imbued with it at rehearsal.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER DOROTHY.—From the day she was reunited to her beloved brother, her one thought had been how best to foster and develop his genius. She herself had, as is admitted by men well able to judge, genius enough to raise her to a high place in literature, yet she quietly resigned all thought of distinction for herself, and devoted her life to smoothing his path. She lived with him in a spiritual union as close as that of man and wife, and worked for him like a servant of the good old-fashioned sort. She tramped along dirty highways, scaled rough fell sides, and thought nothing of walking twenty miles at a stretch, and yet she found time to keep pace with him in his mental excursions too. As a writer in *Blackwood* says:—'This union was so close, that in many instances it becomes difficult to discern which is the brother and which the sister. She was part not only of his life, but of his imagination. He saw by her, felt through her, at her touch the strings of the instrument began to thrill, the great melodies awoke. Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse.' One of the prettiest bits in her journals is the description of a birch tree:—'As we went along we were stopped at once, at a distance of, perhaps, fifty yards from our favorite birch tree. It was yielding to a gust of wind, with all its tender twigs; the sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water.' Lockhart says of these journals:—'Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are scenes and something more.'—*The Athenaeum.*

MR. STEDMAN BELIEVES IN GENIUS.—It is a natural inference that writers who labor to disenthral us from the nympholepsy and illusions of the past, who deprecate any rehearsal of emotions keyed above the level every-day scale, who turn by choice to unheroic and matter-of-fact life, and believe that one theme or situation is as good as another, provided it be honestly elaborated—it is to be inferred, I say, that such writers must come to distrust the value of any intellectual power which tends to ideality, and makes choice instinctively of a stimulating treatment and an ideal theme. One may expect them to doubt even the existence of that high faculty which answers the heart's desire for what is imaginative, stirring—romantic, if you choose; which depicts forcibly because it feels intensely, and which, moreover, as if through inspiration, masters its field without the painful study to which they devote themselves, and with the careless felicity of nature itself. Nor are they quite without justification. The photographic method has its use—no realism can be too faithful in the description of matters excellent and beautiful in themselves. But with discourse and materials that are essentially vulgar or distasteful and not even picturesque in studies, the result is scarcely worth attaining.—*The New Princeton Review*.

WHAT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY NEEDS.—Let the public library be considered by its librarians as a hospital for crippled minds, quite as much as an aid to those persons who already understand and appreciate it. There need not be fewer catalogue cards with their sparse and grudging notes; but near the catalogues, and among the readers, there ought to be active and helpful librarians whose sole duty should be to furnish oral notes and advice *in extenso*. Two of the main uses of the policeman are, to direct the stranger, and help the feeble. The great retail stores have their floor-walkers, who point you to the elevator or lace-counter with insistent unction. Railroad corporations have discovered that index sign-boards and intricate time-tables are riddles to many persons even of more than ordinary intelligence, and have therefore supplemented those devices in large depots with an oral information man who succeeds in adjusting the passenger service of the road to the particular wants of individuals, and not merely to the presumptive wants of that abstraction, the 'patron.' But where, in our American public libraries, is there a like officer, whose chief duties are to set right a perverted reader; to direct the lost reader through the crowd of 100,000 books to the friend he is seeking; to tell all the connections to be made, and all the delays to be endured on the 'Royal Road to Learning'?—*E. H. Woodruff, in a Recent Address*.

Notes

A WELL-KEPT secret has been the fact that *The Century* has secured the right to publish the Life of Abraham Lincoln on which Mr. John G. Nicolay, Marshal of the Supreme Court, and Col. John Hay, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, have been at work for the past twenty-one years. The authors of this important work—the first authoritative life of one of the greatest figures in American history—were President Lincoln's private secretaries from the day of his election to the moment of his death; they have had access to every private or official source of information which could add in any way to the thoroughness and value of their work; and they are both men-of-letters, and may therefore be trusted to tell their story in such a manner that none of its great intrinsic interest will be lost in the narration. A full announcement of its publication will be made in the next number of *The Century*, which will contain sketches of Mr. Nicolay and Col. Hay; and the publication of the Life itself will be begun in the November number. We happen to know the price paid for the privilege of publishing this Life of Lincoln, but are not at liberty to mention it. Suffice it to say, that we believe it to be more, by many thousands of dollars, than has ever before been paid for a series of articles for a popular magazine. The Century Co. reserve the right to republish the biography in book form.

—The new *Scribner's Magazine* will appear on January 1st.

—Mrs. Arthur Stannard, who writes under the pseudonym of John Strange Winter, has just produced another tale of army life, in which readers will get a fresh glimpse of Mignon, who was introduced under such favorable auspices in Mrs. Stannard's story of 'Bootles' Baby.' The new novelette, 'Mignon's Secret,' will be published serially in the forth-coming numbers of *Harper's Bazar*.

—W. S. Gottsberger has in press a new translation of 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' now virtually out of print,

made by Mr. J. Henry Hager, the translator of 'La Morte' ('Alette'). The 'Romance' first appeared in 1858, and was at once republished in the *Tribune* as a serial. It has since gone through several editions, and been more than once dramatized both here and in England, besides being played in Paris. The dramatization most popular in this country is that made by Mr. Edwards Pierpoint, with the assistance of Lester Wallack, and is the one in which the late H. J. Montague was wont to appear. The new translation was made from the last Paris edition (Calmann Lévy).

—Prof. C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, has in the Putnam's press his promised work on 'American Literature from 1607 to 1885.'—Edward Fuller, of Boston, will publish his third novel, 'Theodore Trent,' next spring.—'Risifi's Daughter,' by Anna Katherine Green, author of 'The Leavenworth Case,' is announced.

—Mr. George E. Foster, editor of the Milford, N. H., *Enterprise* and author of 'Se-quo-yah, the American Cadmus,' is collecting material for a bibliography of all publications published in the Cherokee Alphabet, and all English editions of the same which have been published by Cherokees. The work will contain a history of their newspapers, and all available facts concerning Cherokee literature. The edition will be a limited one.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has written to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh offering \$125,000 for the founding of a free library on condition that Edinburgh adopt the Free Libraries Act, by the terms of which a tax, not exceeding one penny in the pound, is charged to defray the current expenses of public libraries. The offer has been accepted.

—The senior partner in the well-known firm of T. and T. Clark, publishers, Edinburgh—a native of Edinburgh, who has filled several high offices in the Corporation and is now Lord Provost—has been made a baronet. It is said that the conferment of a baronetcy upon Mr. Clark, in connection with the Queen's recent visit to Edinburgh, has been received with great satisfaction in that city.

—A 'Handy Business Directory of Chicago' comes to us from A. N. Marquis & Co. of that city.—Robert Clarke & Co. publish a 'List of Books and Pamphlets on American Indians, Archaeology and Languages, and also Federal and State Surveys, Explorations and Reports.' There are 1143 titles.

—Cupples, Upham & Co. announce a novel of Russian life by the daughter of an American Admiral and wife of a Russian diplomat. It is entitled 'The Terrace of Mon Désir.' They will publish also 'The Destruction of Rome,' by Prof. Herman Grimm. It is in the form of a letter, addressed to that larger 'Rome' whose citizens are to be found in all countries, and is a protest against the 'modernization' of the Eternal City. The translation is by Miss Sarah H. Adams.

—The so-called American Association of Writers, of which Maurice Thompson is President, will hold its second convention in Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, on Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th.

—Kate Greenaway's illustrations to Bret Harte's new story for children, 'The Queen of the Pirate Isle,' will be printed in colors.—There are over a hundred illustrations in the Rev. J. G. Wood's 'Half-Hours with a Naturalist: Rambles near the Shore,' which Mr. Whittaker publishes this week.

—The first part of a new translation of Andersen's 'Fairy Tales and Stories,' by Carl Siewers, has been sent to press by Sampson Low & Co., and is expected to be ready before Christmas. Over 500 illustrations by Scandinavian artists have been arranged for this edition.—Mrs. Langtry is said to have written, or begun to write, a novel dealing with English life in this country and in London, which she hopes to publish simultaneously in London and America early in November.

—Howard Seely, author of 'A Lone Star Bo-peep' and 'A Ranchman's Stories' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has recently finished a novel of Texan life entitled 'Cynthia Dallas: A Nymph of the Colorado.'

—Nine out of the ten volumes of his translation of 'The Thousand Nights and a Night' have been issued by Sir Richard Burton to the Kama Shashtra Society. Five further volumes, entitled 'Supplemental Nights,' are now, *The Athenæum* says, offered for subscription. Of these the first two, which are ready, contain 'the terminal stories' of the Breslau edition, being the same given by Mr. Payne in three volumes; the third will comprise the selection of tales in Vol. VI. of Dr. Jonathan Scott's 'Arabian Nights,' with, if possible, some additions; and the fourth and fifth will give Galland's ten most popular tales not

yet traced to an Arabic source. These, for the sake of uniformity of style, will be turned first into Arabic, then retranslated into English!

—Daniel Deronda' has been translated into French.—Tom Paine's bones are said to be in the possession of an English preacher.—Mr. Howells is receiving subscriptions for the purchase from Mr. Osgood of the Healey portrait of Longfellow. It is proposed to pay \$1500 for it, and to place it in the Memorial Hall of Harvard.

—Catherine Owens's 'Ten Dollars Enough' will be published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It aims to show that a family can live comfortably on ten dollars a week, and has already appeared as a serial in *Good Housekeeping*. The same firm will issue to-day: 'A White Heron, and Other Stories,' by Sarah Orne Jewett; 'Lectures on International Law in Time of Peace,' by Prof. Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale; a cheaper edition of Darley's 'Evangeline'; Franklin's Autobiography, in the Riverside Literature Series; 'Exile,' a little volume of selected short stories, in the Riverside Pocket Series; and Vols. I. and II. of the new eleven-volume edition of Longfellow's Works.

—Walter Crane is preparing another book for children—'A Romance of the Three Rs.'—Edward Dowden's Life of Shelley will be brought out next month by J. B. Lippincott Co.—The papers on Emerson's maternal ancestors by David Greene Haskins, which have lately appeared in *The Literary World*, will be published in book form by Cupples, Upham & Co. Only 350 copies will be printed.

—Mr. Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, the art critic and writer on art subjects, was thrown from a carriage and killed at Windsor, Vt., on the 25th ult. Two of his companions, Senator Everts and a daughter of Chief Justice Matthews, were injured. Mr. Perkins had published works entitled 'Tuscan Sculptors,' 'Italian Sculptors' and 'Raphael and Michael Angelo,' and at the time of his death was associated with John D. Champlin, Jr., in editing 'The Cyclopædia of American Art' for Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Mr. Whipple's later essays, including his reminiscences of Sumner, Choate, Motley and Agassiz, and prefaced by a portrait and by Dr. Bartol's memorial address, will soon be issued by Ticknor & Co.—The next volume in Roberts Brothers' edition of George Meredith's novels will be 'Sandra Belloni.' The same house announce 'A Phantom Lover,' a story by Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget).

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish on Wednesday next Prof. R. T. Ely's 'The Labor Movement in America.' It is the result of years of work.—The Naval War College at Newport, which was founded by Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, present commander of the North Atlantic Squadron, and is superintended by Captain Mahon, was opened on Tuesday morning for a course of lectures on the art of military warfare, and for an advanced course of professional study for naval officers. Admiral Luce opened the course of instruction.

—The announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the fall season include 'Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature,' edited by E. T. Mason; 'Documents Illustrative of American History; 1606-1863,' edited by Howard W. Preston; 'The History of the United States Navy,' by Edgar Stanton Maclay; 'Reminiscences of the "Filibuster" War in Nicaragua (1855-60),' by Gen. C. W. Doubleday; 'Constantinople,' by Edmondo de Amicis (new edition); 'Palermo: A Christmas Story,' by Alice Durand Field (new edition); 'Memorials of Half a Century,' by Bela D. Hubbard; 'The Romances of Chivalry,' by John Ashton; 'Problems and Social Studies,' by Rev. R. Heber Newton; 'An Investor's Notes on American Railroads,' by John Swann; 'A Study of Sociology,' by John Bascom; 'The Old Order Changes,' by W. H. Mallock; 'A Pocket Atlas of the World'; 'Outlines of Music,' by Louis S. Davis; 'Woodstock,' by Clarence Winthrop Bowen; and, in the Nations Series, 'The Story of the Saracens,' by Arthur Gilman; 'The Story of Hungary,' by Prof. A. Vámbéry; 'The Story of Carthage,' by Prof. A. J. Church; 'The Story of the Moors in Spain,' by Stanley Lane-Poole; 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; 'The Story of Ancient Egypt,' by Prof. Rawlinson; 'The Story of the Normans,' by Sarah O. Jewett; 'The Story of Persia,' by the Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin; and 'The Story of Assyria,' by Z. A. Ragozin. For young people they promise 'Chivalric Days and Youthful Deeds,' by E. S. Brooks; 'Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor,' an account of some noble deeds for which it has been conferred, by Gen. Theodore F. Rodenbough; and 'Robert Fulton and Steam Navigation,' by Thomas W. Knox.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1188.—1. Where can I get a copy of Hazlitt's 'Liber Amoris'?—2. Why does Prof. Harrison, in his article on Shelley, published in *The Critic* some months ago, call the epitaph 'Cor Cordium' a piece of 'pathetically inaccurate Latin'?—3. What collection of hymns contains the finest tunes?
MEADVILLE, PA. J. B. B.

[2. Our lore on the subject of *cor* is no greater than that afforded by the ordinary books of reference. The grammars say peremptorily that *cor* has no genitive plural; and this is doubtless true of classical Latin. Harper's new Dictionary, however (which we think we ought to call, as they do in England, 'Lewis & Short'), gives two references for *cordium* in the Latin Bible (Jeremiah iv: 4, and 1 Cor. iv: 5), and a fragmentary grammarian's attestation, without reference, for *cordum*. Of course, St. Jerome felt bound to translate the Hebrew and Greek, even if he had to make a word to do it with. It is singular that in translating the astounding metaphor of Jer. iv. 4, King James's Bible says 'of your heart,' and not 'of your hearts.' No classical writer uses either *cordum* or *cordium*. But it does not follow that in common speech the word was not used; and St. Jerome, whose Latin in the Vulgate is generally very good, had an ear that we can trust, when it came to the question of making a word, or transferring it from unwritten talk to a book. But it is much the best way to avoid it altogether, by recasting the expression. The value of Latin for epigrams, etc., is not that it has a copious vocabulary, for the reverse is the case; but that its peculiar genius permits the expression of an endless variety of ideas by adhering to a narrow vocabulary which every one is familiar with. Experts—or those supposed to be so—in language, are often incapable of answering satisfactorily the detached questions thrown at them about usage, pronunciation, etc., especially—what we do not suppose to be the case here—when the querist wishes the services not of a judge, but an advocate. For instance: 'Do you say Hyperion or Hyperion?' In reading 'Hamlet,' the former; in translating Homer, the latter. 'No; but which is right?' The question cannot be answered by X or Y. 'Heart of hearts' sounds intensely un-Latin. We dare not say it is un-English, since Shakspeare uses it; but, even in 'Hamlet,' 'heart's core' and 'heart of hearts' are so nearly the same thing, that nothing but Hamlet's overstrained and almost tottering mental state can excuse the phrase. One cannot translate English into Latin, in an epitaph, and get anything worth having; he must recast it, by thinking it in Latin.—3. We should recommend the 'Carmina Sanctorum' of A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; the 'Laudes Domini' of The Century Co., New York; and the 'Songs of Christian Praise,' of Taintor Brothers & Co., New York, and—though last, not least—the Hymnal of the Episcopal Church, which can be obtained through any publisher.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1181.—I find the lines called for by 'F.' in my scrap-book, pasted there some six years ago. I do not know the name of the author. They read as follows:—

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty, this our care.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

L. A. P.

No. 1183.—Ellen Tracy Alden, who died in 1880, was the wife of John B. Alden.
NEW YORK. A.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Bolton, Sarah K. Girls who became Famous.	\$1.25	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Brauch, Oliver E. The National Advanced Speaker.	\$1.25	Baker & Taylor.
Coxon, Ethel. The Long Lane.	25c.	Harper & Brothers.
Crake, Rev. A. D. The House of Walden.		E. & J. B. Young & Co.
De Amicis, Edmondo. Constantinople.	\$2.50	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Deane, Mary. St. Briavel's.	20c.	Harper & Brothers.
Dreyspring, A. Easy Lessons in French.	70c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Field, Alice D. Palermo. Revised ed.	\$1.25	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Forum, The. Vol. I.		The Forum Publishing Co.
Foye, J. C. Handbook of Mineralogy.	50c.	D. Van Nostrand.
Frances, Mary. Daddy Dave.	50c.	Funk & Wagnalls.
Gladstone, Hon. W. E. The Irish Question.	10c.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Hakluyt, R. Voyages in Search of the North West Passage.	10c.	Cassell & Co.
Hannay, David. Admiral Blake.	75c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Jewett, Sarah O. Deephaven.	50c.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Keep, R. P. Greek Lessons.	\$1.40	D. Appleton & Co.
Knox, T. W. Life of Robert Fulton.	\$1.75	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Morris, E. J. Prejudiced Inquiries.	\$1.25	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Panton, J. E. Dear Life.	25c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Schubin, Ossip. Gloria Victis.		W. S. Gottsberger.
Stickney, Miss J. H. First Reader: Classic Series.	35c.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Tighe, Ambrose. Development of Roman Constitution.	45c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Trouessart, E. L. Microbes, Ferments and Moulds.	\$1.50	D. Appleton & Co.
Tyler, H. W. Entertainments in Chemistry.	60c.	Chicago: Interstate Pub. Co.
Vámbéry, Heilprin. The Story of Hungary.	\$1.50	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Wells, Treat & Sargent. Through a Microscope.	60c.	Chicago: Interstate Pub. Co.
Whitman, Sarah W. The Making of Pictures.	60c.	Chicago: Interstate Pub. Co.

She has the complexion of a peach. Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder did it. Sold by all druggists.